H. Buehler

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FROM THE NEW YORK MIRROR.

Selections from the

Journal of a late Traveller to the Moon.

BY J. K. PAULDING.

One of our most inexorable philanthropists being desirous of bettering the condition of the enlightened subjects of the man in the moon, or, in case they did not require his good offices, getting some valuable hints for the use of the good people of this world, lately made a journey to that planet. How he contrived to get there, I cannot say, nor is it necessary to explain, since every body knows philanthropists can attempt, if not perform, impossibilities.—His journal has accidentally fallen into our hands, and we make the following extracts for the benefit of all philosophers, philanthropists and seekers after perfectability. Well has it been said that man is every where the same, since it will appear from these quotations that the inhabitants of the moon, where all the lost wits of the people of the earth are preserved for the benefit of the moonshiners, it would seem, are not much wiser than their neighbors. We shall only notice such portions of this interesting journal, as seem to exhibit the singular coincidence between people who, in all probability, never had any intercourse whatever with each other. Philosophers, who are good at tracing the origin of nations, will find strong grounds for believing that the inhabitants of the earth must have originally descended from the people of the moon.

Our traveller remained in the moon a sufficient time to acquire the language, which is exceedingly figurative, sometimes a little obscure, and resembles, he says, very much, the fashionable poetry of the day. What was somewhat remarkable, and strengthened the resemblance, he observed that the less a man had to say, the more words he used, and the less he understood his subject, the more he had to say for himself. The government of the moon is one of laws, founded on reason; yet our traveller found, to his astonishment, that, according as he conversed with a moonite, or anti-moonite, as the two great parties were called, almost every thing was contrary to reason; that is to say, the moonites denounced all the acts of the anti-moonites as unreasonable, and the anti-moonites returned the compliment with interest. The origin of these two parties dates far back in the history of the moon, and is somewhat singular. It is stated, though we can hardly believe it, that the distinction arose from a contest, who should carry their heads the highest. The inhabitants in consequence all walk on tiptoe, and their necks are almost as long as cranes. In process of time, it came to pass that all the tall men became moonites, and all the little men anti-moonites, and so they continue to this day. The former, though fewer in number, claim the government of the moon, on the score of holding their heads the highest, and the latter on account of their superior numbers. Once a year the two parties meet, and like the terrapins of Madison's Island, have a great contest who shall look down on the other; after which they go quietly about their affairs, and find fault with the government of their own choice.

Every question in the moon is settled on principle, that is to say, by the rule of profit and loss. They seldom inquire whether a measure of the government is consonant to ancient laws and usages, or whether it conforms to the settled principles of the constitution; for our traveller says they have a constitution, which is always interpreted by the rule of profit and loss. They inquire, first, whether any money is to be gained or lost by the measure, and decide accordingly. He visited the legislative hall, and found that in every question the members all took out their tablets of arithmetic, and began to cipher away at a great rate. On one occasion, a measure, which everybody said deeply concerned not only the honor of the nation, but the welfare of posterity, was prematurely arrested by an old member, who was considered the best calculator in the assembly, and who demonstrated by the simple rule of three, that it would involve a dead loss of six moon-beams, which are equivalent to about as many of our paper dollars.—Thereupon the honor of the nation, and the welfare of posterity, were both turned out of the house by the serjeant-at-arms.

Our traveller conversed with several persons, whose sole occupation consisted in "bettering mankind," for this class of men abound in the moon, and found that they had adopted many ingenious theories, which he is determined to naturalize among us, if possible.—Their favourite and fashionable doctrine at present is, that the increase of crime demands a mitigation of punishments; and that these punishments will have a much greater "moral influence" a favorite phrase of the philanthrosists of the moon—by being inflicted in secret, where nobody can be seduced by the example. They are convinced by their own arguments, that seeing a man hanged for murder, very often allures the spectator to commit the same crime, from mere curiosity to ascertain how it feels to be suspended in the air, without any thing to stand upon. These bettering men, have discovered a new principle in human nature, namely, that what we see does not make half the impression as that produced by what we know nothing about. The senses are not considered the medium of our impressions, by the philosophers and philanthropists of the moon.

These two classes of people are continually employed in the introduction of new improvements in society, and new means of securing the happiness of the moonshiners, who, they affirm, are already the happiest and most enlightened people in the universe. This our traveller thought rather unreasonable, inasmuch as they ought to be satisfied with this superiority. On intimating this notion to some of these bettering men, they turned their backs rather significantly, and muttered something about perfectibility.

One day, walking out in the square of the city, where the man in the moon kept his state, he found a great mob pelting the old gentleman with old shoes, rotten eggs and other unseemly missiles. On inquiring the cause of this demonstration, he was told they had nothing particular against him, only they were afraid he would be rather too comfortable in his situation, in comparison with themselves, and merely wished to produce a proper equality between the people and their rulers. Every moonshiner, they said, was a sovereign, and therefore they ought to be all upon a footing with each other. Our traveller asked them why they did not occasionally pelt each other, to keep up the distribution of political justice; but they said that altered the case.

On another occasion he was present at a large meeting of the wheat growers of the moon, to petition the legislature against the planting of potatoes, for both these of universal production in the moon as well as on earth. The ground they assumed was, that the growing of potatoes interfered with the consumption, and of course the price of wheat. He thought them rather unreasonable, but going on a little farther, he encountered another large meeting of potatoe growers, who were passing furious resolutions against the growers of wheat, because they lowered the price of potatoes. Diamond cut diamonds, thought our traveller—tit for tat; I suppose this is the way they preserve the union among the moonshiners. He hinted his doubts of the success of such a course, but they all swore they were doing nothing more than asserting their unalienable rights.

Notwithstanding the perfect equality boasted of among the moonshiners, our traveller was surprised to find that they, in fact, possessed nothing but the theory. The great body politic seemed split up into a vast number of little body politics, each enjoying certain exclusive privileges, such as coining money, alias issuing paper promises, making turnpike and rail-roads, building bridges, and charging the rest of the people for passing over bad roads and bridges, always out of repair. All these pretty sovereignities were exercising powers, and possessing privileges, which the rest of the moonshiners were debarred from by the laws. He pointed out this incongruity to a person who was boasting of their equal rights, but he was soon silenced by his triumphantly asking, "does not the constitution declare we are all equal!"

The moonshiners have abundance of steamboats, and boast of being the first inventors of these combustible machines. But the progress of human inventions, as our traveller well observes is, almost impossible to trace, and therefore he waives all controversy as to the undoubted claim of his own country. On one occasion a steamboat blew up, which accident was fatal to a member of the legislature. Upon this that body set themselves to work to find out the cause, which all wise legislators consider fully equivalent to a cure. They all agreed it was owing to the difficulty of governing steam, which is called vapour among the moonshiners, and passed a law with only one, dissenting voice, denouncing the penalty of perpetual imprisonment against vapour. This was after a debate of more than six moons, which cost the people one hundred thousand moonshine dollars in delivering, and twice as much for printing.

During this sojourn in the moon, the period for which the old man in the moon was chosen being elapsed, an unexpected difficulty occurred. They could find nobody to accept the office, for the last incumbent had been so abused, calumniated and vilified, that all the moonshiners swore they had rather stand in the pillory, than to be set up as a mark for universal abuse. Several unfortunate candidates were soundly beaten by the moonshiners, for refusing the honor of being the ruler of a people so enlightened that they would not submit to any thing; and the whole government was at a stand. Fortunately, however, they got hold of a man who was deaf and dumb, and could neither read nor write, who, making no opposition, was unanimously chosen. Our traveller remained some months in the moon after this election, and declares that things went on, for all he could see, just as well as ever.

The moonshiners, he says, delighted him with their propensity to charitable institutions. He says, the women don't mind robbing their own husbands and children, to give to those of other people. In place particularly, he found that they were all living on charity, which he thought very delightful, till he was assured that they were all starving to death. This puzzled him not a little at first, until it occurred to him that in order to enable people to live without labor, it was necessary that somebody should labor for them.

Travelling one day in the interior of a province called Moonchange, he was surprised to see a great crowd of people working with all their might to turn the course of a great river, and inquiring the reason, was informed that the bottom of a river, being naturally an inclined plane, was the finest place in the world for a rail-road. Our traveller rather smiled at this, but was fain to make a precipitate retreat, when he heard them consulting about the propriety of throwing him neck and heels into the river, as an enemy to internal improvements. He says, that on his first arrival in the moon, he heard so much about these matters, that he one day complimented a moonshiner, on the attention they paid to the improvement of the mind, which was what he understood by internal improvement.

"Improvement of mind" replied the other—"pshaw! what is that, compared to the improvement of roads and rivers!"

He naturally thought that this system of perpetual progression in internal improvements, must be a great public blessing, until one day in his travels, he came across a whole district of country, the inhabitants of which were crying and wringing their hands. They had spent all their money in digging a canal, and now a knot of enterprising public-spirited rascals had cut them out of their profits by a rail-road. He comforted them as well as he could, by predicting that if paper money only held out, they would in a few years have the satisfaction of seing the rail-road cut out by an incorporated line of balloons. Upon this they wiped their eyes, and went quietly about their business.

In the course of his peregrination, our traveller being a mighty inquisitive person, visited some of the state prisons; for that system too, is claimed as the invention of the moonshiners, and was delighted to see how much better clothed, lodged and fed, rogues were than honest men, in the moon. He naturally concluded such examples would operate very powerfully in the prevention of crime, and the great object of bettering mankind. But he was a little alarmed, when, conversing with the honest tradesmen in the country round, he found they were all talking about the expediency of doing something to entitle them to a participation in the advantages of the state prison system. They assured him the rogues could afford to work so much cheaper in the prison, having every thing found them, and no families to maintain, that they understood the honest men in the market, and threw them entirely out of business. Our traveller shrugged up his shoulders, and could not help thinking to himself it was not quite so easy he supposed, to better the condition of man.

There are many other curious details in this journal, which we may possibly lay before our readers at some period. At present, however, our limits will admit of no more selections.

Female Society.

You know my opinion of female society. Without it we should degenerate into brutes. This observation applies tenfold force to young men, and those who are in the prime of manhood. For, after a certain time of life, the literary man may make a shift (a poor one I grant) to do without the society of ladies. To a young nothing is so important as a spirit of devotion (next to his Creator) to some virtuous and amiable woman, whose image may occupy his heart, and guard it from the pollution which besets it on all sides. Neverthless, I trust that your fondness for the company of ladies may not rob you of the time which ought to be devoted to reading and meditating on your profession; and above all, that it may not acquire for you the reputation of *Dangler*—in itself bordering on the contemptible, and seriously detrimental to your professional character. A cautious old Squaretoes, who might have no objection to employing such a one at the bar, would perhaps be shy of introducing him as a practitioner in his family, in case he should have a pretty daughter, or niece, or sister; although all experience shows, that of all male inhabitants, the Dangler is the most harmless to the ladies, who quickly learn, with the intuitive sagacity of the sex, to make a convenience of him, while he serves for a butt, also. Rely upon it, that to love a woman as "mistress," although a delicious delirium, an intoxication far surpassing that of Champaigne, is altogether unessential, nay *pernicious*, in the choice of a wife; which a man ought to set about in his sober senses—choosing her, as Mrs Primrose did her wedding gown, for qualities that "wear well." I am well persuaded, that few love matches are happy ones. One thing at least is true, that if matrimony has its cares, celibacy has no pleasure. A Newton, or a mere scholar, may find employment in study; a man of literary taste can receive in books a powerful auxiliary; but a man must have a bosom friend, and children around him, to cherish and support the dreariness of old age. Do you remember A. V! He could neither read nor think; any wife, even a scolding one, would have been a blessing to that poor man. After all, "suitability" is the true foundation for marriage. If the parties be suited to one another. in age, situation in life, (a man, indeed, may descend, where all else is fitting) temper and constitution, these are the ingredients of a happy marriage—or, at least, a convenient one—which is all that people of experience expect. [John Randolph.

My Aunt Eleanor.

BY FELIX FLY-LEAF, ESQ.

My aunt Eleanor was a great oddity—a character—an original. Her old maid, Sarah, described her the best by saying, she was "the most *contrary* woman she ever knowed." This was, indeed, my aunt's great failing—contrariness: she was the very reverse of St. Paul, for she had learnt, in whatever state she was, therewith to be discontent. She came into the world, *contrary to all expectation*, one twenty-ninth of February. This circumstance gave rise to a paradox, which it was my aunt's pleasure to keep up; for, as I made a point of presenting her with a birth-day ode when the time came rouud—leap-yearly, as I may say—and as she delighted to exhibit my youthful effusions to her friends and acquaintance, many was the stare of astonishment when the good old lady, at seventy-eight, presented a copy of verses, addressed "To my aunt, on her twenty-sixth birth-day." I know not if there is such a bump as that of contrariness. If there is, no doubt my aunt was born with it; and it grew with her growth and strengthened with her strength. When quite a little one, this disposition manifested itself. If her mamma brought her a beautiful blue-eyed doll from the fancy fair, she would exclaim, "Ah! but I wish its eyes had been black." And when her kind papa presented her with a delightful little picture-book, the very prettiest of the "Juvenile Library," she would provokingly say, "O, dear! I wish it had been *Good Two-shoes* instead of *Robinson Crusoe!*"

At school it was just the same. If you sent her a plumb-cake, she wanted a battledore and shuttlecock; and if a battledore and shuttlecock had been presented, she was sure to have longed for a plumb cake. On breaking-up day, while all the rest of the school were enjoying themselves, and exhibiting their prizes to each other, Miss Eleanor was found crying in a corner. Her governess, the cream of the milk of human kindness, hasten to console her; and on inquiry, finds that she is weeping because her morocco work box is not a silver pencil case. My aunt was married early. Her first season at Cheltenham procured her an admirer, Captain C. of the fifty-something—I forget the exact number of the regiment—who was considered to be a very eligible match, both in point of pocket and pedigree. Congratulations poured on all hands; young ladies descanted on the captain's fine person; old ones, on his gentlemanly manners; and those who were intimate indeed, ventured to suggest how nice it would be to have a large establishment, and carriages of one's own, and the *entree* of the very best society. I well remember the description my poor mother used to give of her first visit to aunt Eleanor after "the conquest." Embraces were exchanged—hands were shaken—and compliments were paid.

"What a lucky girl you are, Eleanor," exclaimed my mother; "I've known many young ladies take the waters sixteen seasons running, without so much as a flirtation; and here you go, for only one poor month, and a captain falls a dying for you." "Ah!" replied the blooming damsel, "it's all very well, I suppose, but oh! if it had but been the major!" My aunt was blessed with only one child, a son—"if it had but been a daughter"—and that died young; in consequence, some say, of its mamma giving it physic *contrary* to the doctor's direction. My uncle popped off soon after, and my aunt put on a widow's cap, (but of a different pattern from any that had ever been seen before) and from that day to this she has lived a life of competent contrariety—of independent opposiseness. From that day to this, did I say:—alas, not so; for my aunt is no more. She has died, and left me her heir, contrary to all expectation, and this was her last, death-bed request: "My Dear Neddy, bury me with my feet towards the west, and let my coffin be made of *lignum vitæ!*" wood of *life*.

The Wedding.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

"I wed thee in the battle's eye,
Amidst the mailed and stalwart throng;
And answered to thy banner-cry,
As it had been a lover's song."

It was a clear moonlight night in Autumn in 1724; and the old garrison house of the valiant Capt. Wheelwright, the terror of all the Indians within twenty miles of Wells, was brilliantly illuminated for the wedding of the veteran's daughter; to a young and gallant ranger, belonging to the band of Capt. Harmon. The house was crowded with guests, principally with military men; for at that period every man was a soldier; and every woman, if she could not merit that appellation, was at least worthy of being a soldier's wife.

It was a grand time—that wedding!—There was an abundance of maple sugar, and pumpkin pies; and all the young ladies within thirty miles had assembled to partake of the festivities of the occasion. The dance went nimbly down the rude hall; and every one seemed desirous of adding something to the general expression of merriment and joy.

Yet there was watchful eyes and anxious hearts, amidst that joyous assembly. At every sound from without,—the sudden bark, of a dog, of the creaking of the large old trees in the Autumn wind, a thrill like that of electricity passed through the throng of revellers. More than once had the hands of the rangers instinctively fastened on their rifles, which leaned ready for execution, in every corner of the building. It was known to all that the Eastern savages were in motion; that the implacable hate of the red men was brooding like a thunder-cloud over the encroaching advance of the English. The inhabitants of Wells had not indeed suffered recently from the attacks of their subtle enemy;—but they felt no security from the vengeance of foes, who were unappeasable in their resentment; and whose transient forbearance, like the couch of the panther, or the coil of the roused rattlesnake, might be only the preparation for a sudden and deadly blow.

But the wedding went on, without interruption. The beautiful Emily Wheelwright stood up with the young lover before the venerated clergyman. She was a fine specimen of natural beauty;—her dark hair fell carelessly and richly upon her neck—her full cheek glowed with the freshness of health; and the free waist and unconfined form, gave to her motions an elasticity and a gratefulness, to which the modern victim is a stranger. And the bridegroom, in the strength and vigour of his youth, with its sunburned countenance and manly proportions, presented a striking contrast to the fashionable *exquisite* of modern days.

The rites were concluded; and Charles Hanwell had just imprinted on the blushing cheek of his bride and ceremonial kiss, when a terrific cry from without rang through every nook of the mansion. All sprang on their feet at the fearful alarm. The next instant the report of rifles came sharply on their ears.

"To arms!—the heathen are upon us!" shouted Capt. Wheelwright, snatching his musket from the hooks by which it was suspended.

There was a sudden rush towards the door. The moon shone full upon the wild scenery around, but there was no visible traces of an enemy. At length a solitary figure made its appearance at a remote corner of the building. "Help, for God's sake!" said a well known voice. "I am wounded.—The bloody redskins are abroad."

The wounded man staggered slowly towards the half bewildered group. At that instant a rifle-flash gleamed from the nearest thicket. The aim was a fatal one, for its unfortunate object, who had nearly reached his comrades, sprang suddenly and convulsively from the earth, and fell dead at their feet.—The exulting whoop of an invisible foe was drowned in the report of the muskets of the white men, which were now directed at every bush and thicket.

"To your horses, men!" exclaimed Captain Harmon, as the dusky forms of the enemy became visible, at a distance, which was beyond the certain aim of his rangers. Charles Hanwell turned anxiously to his bride,—she was deadly pale—she did not join in the cries and tears of those around her—but she sat still and white as a statue. "Do not be alarmed," said Charles, affectionately pressing her hand." "The savages will not molest us after one vigorous attack from our rifles; and there is little danger to be apprehended.—Be quiet, we shall return immediately."

The spirit of her father was strong within the heart of Emily. "Go Charles" she said, "and may God preserve you!" A party had already mounted, and the trample of hoofs was ringing without. Charles sprang to his saddle; and in a moment the band to which he belonged disappeared in the shadows of the surrounding woodlands. Capt. Wheelwright undertook to garrison his dwelling, with the remainder of the company.

It would be impossible to describe the anxiety with which the wedding guests listened to every sound which came from the direction which the rangers had taken. The trampling of their horses gradually died away; a way then the sound of fire arms was heard; an ever and anon, the shrill and terrible warcry of the savages rose fearfully on the wind.

The heavy tread of horses soon announced the return of the adventurers. They wheeled into the rude inclosure; and the next moment Harmon confronted the agitated assembly.—"The vile heathen!" he muttered between his clenched teeth; and turning to the bride. who sat trembling with anxiety, he said aloud—"Your husband is among the missing! It has been a horrid night's work!" and he threw himself into a chair, apparently exhausted by his exertions.

"Is he dead?" ejaculated Emily Hanwell, springing up and grasping convulsively the hand of the soldier. "Tell me, Captain Harmon, as you hope for mercy, tell me, is he dead?"

"Your husband is a prisoner," said Harmon, "but he fought desperately before he yielded.—He was overpowered by numbers; and we were unable to effect his rescue. There was a fearful skirmish; for the Indians were twice our number. They have lost many of their bravest warriors, and some of my own little troop are now lying cold and stark beneath the moonlight."

"And you have left your comrade to perish by the foul tortures of his enemies!" said Emily Hanwell, her tone of entreaty changing to that of indignation—"To die by the fire and the scourge, without a blow for his rescue.—without so much as a wound received in his defence! Would to Heaven that the powers of a man were mine!"

She trembled in every limb; and her tears fell fast. The countenance of Harmon worked for a moment with resentment; but he overcome the feeling, and turning to his companions he avowed his resolution of pursuing the retreating foe, and attempting once more the rescue of their prisoner. The party immediately acquiesced:—several new recruits volunteered their services, and in a few moments a second sally was made from the mansion.

It boots not how to relate the particulars of the rescue;—suffice it to say, that the foe was overtaken—and that in the struggle which ensued, the prisoner was liberated.—The party immediately returned to the house of the veteran Wheelwright. His daughter met them at the door; and after long embrace of her husband, she clasped with heartfelt gratitude, the rough and war-worn hand of Harmon; and from that moment he was regarded as a brother by Charles Hanwell and his bride.

A Nubian Dance.

I was shown the way to a cot, where, to my surprise, I found the party almost in darkness, between two high walls, with a small wood fire, whose embers, being now and then stirred up, gave me a sight of the motley group.—About ten or a dozen men, and as many girls, were literally kicking up the greatest dust possible, having selected for their dance, as it was called, this confined and dusty spot. Beating time with their hands, and shuffling along with their naked feet, the men of the party advanced towards the young women, who remained stationary, and then retreated. This continued for some time. A seat was offered, upon which were lying two or three little black urchins, fast asleep; a light being placed near, I commenced smoking my long pipe, Abdrebbo and some of my men being in company. The whole place was not more than forty or fifty feet square. After the men had, as I thought, enticed the lovely, black, greasy headed damsels long enough to come forward, by talking and whispering to them, I began to suspect something was plotting; but upon inquiry I found the men were relating a story to them before they began dancing. The black ladies now advanced, not tripping it briskly, but with a slow and gentle motion as the black horses retreated. This was repeated many times, until they were all enveloped in dust, eight or ten standing in a row, and the same number facing them. In this way continued for some time, clapping their hands with much earnestness, and the women at the time uttering a yell or scream which I was told was their shout of joy, or welcome. They were very modestly dressed, being covered up nearly to the throat in loose dark colored robes, tied round their waists, and without shoes or stockings. The men wore large coarse pantaloons, and a loose garment flung either round or over their shoulders. After some respite, another movement took place; the black charmers advanced with a sort of grace and elegance, just gliding by their admiring partners, and gently inclining their bodies in an undulating motion; this being repeated several times, they all advanced again face to face, making a horrible noise and dust. The moon was now luckily peeping over the wall, and I, being unable, with all my smoking, to keep the dust out of my throat, or to distinguish the features of this motely assemblage, begged to be off; and giving them a *blackish*, I retired, surrounded by forty or fifty of them.—The master of the ceremonies, the man who had conducted us thither, one of the natives, accompanied us back to the cangea, and I gave him a few piastres.—[Madox's Travels.

Important from South Carolina.

We learn from the Charleston Courier, that the Test Oath, contained in the military bill of South Carolina, passed in December last, in conformity to the definition of allegiance, by the Nullifying Convention, has been declared to be unconstitutional, null and void, by the Court of Appeals. A proud triumph for the persecuted Union party of South Carolina, has been achieved by this decision of an independent judiciary. The mountaineers, who breathed nothing but war and destruction against the nullifying party, on the ground of this very oath, are now tranquilized.—The decision it appears was unanimous—Judge O'Neale, Johnson, and Harper being of opinion that the Convention had transcended its authority, and violated the constitution in their definition of allegiance, and in declaring it exclusively due to the State.—*Pennsylvanian.*

The Charleston Courier continues in the following strain;—

In giving vent to our own overflowing joy on this grateful occasion, let us hope that our opponents also will rejoice in the removal of this obstacle to the restoration of harmony in our distracted State—to the return of that era of good feelings which will again unite us in the bonds of social, if not political brotherhood. It is high time that alienated affections should return to their wonted, but long deserted channels—that the rankling wounds of the social and even the family circle should be healed, and that party warfare, if it must still be waged, should at least be henceforth characterised by the courtesies and charities of life. We hope then that our opponents will not only be reconciled to the response of the Judiciary in our favor, but will even hail it as a fitting occasion for forgiving, if not forgetting, the strifes and animosities of the past; and the more so, as in the most material particular, if not wholly, the distinguished judge on the Appeal Bench, who advocates their peculiar political creed, has concurred in the opinion of his brethren.

The effect of this decision is to annul the Ordinance of the Convention, so far as it relates to and empowers the Legislature to prescribe an Oath of exclusive Allegiance to the State, and to expunge it from the Statute Book, or the records of the Convention, as an authoritative exposition of the political creed of South Carolina. It in fact, restores South Carolina to the federal orbit, in which may she henceforth ever continue to move and shine, with that undisturbed equilibrium between her centripetal and centrifugal forces, which is equally essential to her happiness and glory.

In closing our remarks, we cannot omit the expression of our heartfelt gratitude to that gracious Providence, which has overruled this matter for our good, and permitted our just and righteous cause to achieve a triumph as complete, as it is peaceful—as full of the promise of future good, as it is redolent with present joy, and grateful to our own feelings.

FROM THE N. Y. EVENING STAR.

The Graffe, or Camelo Leopard; which is shortly expected at this port; is one of the most extraordinary and rare quadrupeds in the animal kingdom, both in its form and habits. In partakes of the character of the deer and the antelope, but has nothing of the camel or leopard, which is its English name. Its head is like that of a deer; its eyes large and protuberant, as those of the gazelle; and its neck as graceful as that of an Arab steed; but of prodigious length; as also its fore legs, which are twice as long as the hind legs—in this respect the reverse of the kangaroo. When it stands up, as it does for hours together, without moving limb or muscle, or even winking the eyelids; its neck and back form near a perpendicular line, and the head reaches to the astonishing height of near twenty feet. The tail is short, like the deer, and the fur a beautiful fawn color, dotted with large white spots. Every body, however, must be familiar, with his appearance, from the numerous accurate lithographs of the giraffes that were lately in London and Paris. The latter nearly set the Parisians crazy, such is their passion for something strange; *outre* or *distingue*. The garden of plants was for years crowded every Sunday with visitors, chiefly to look at and watch the giraffe and his black keeper in his turpan, who came from Africa with him—not to mention the little runts of cows, with crumpled horns, and not bigger than sheep scarcely, that were brought with him to feed him, for the giraffe was too delicate to eat any thing but milk, and that native milk. Books were written upon this queer beast, even vaudevilles and sonnets composed upon him, cafes and restaurateurs were named after him *ragouts* and *entremets* were prepared *a la giraffe*, and mazourkas and waltzes baptised with his cognomen, though he is the most docile and immoveable of all living things. Such is the fertile vivacity and invention of the French. We think if the giraffe comes among us, he will be as great a curiosity and wonder almost as the sea serpent.

FROM THE BALTIMORE AMERICAN.

The death of RICHARD LANDER, the discoverer of the great geographical problem of the course of the Niger, has added another to the numerous victims who have perished in the attempt to explore the interior of Africa. Accounts brought by the late English Packet state that he was murdered by the natives, several hundred miles up the river, whither he had gone on a commercial expedition.

The history of African Discovery is a history of unexampled mortality. Since the first feeble attempts of the Portuguese and English trading companies to penetrate into the interior, down through the numerous expeditions fitted out by the "African Association," and the British Government, how few—two or three at the most,—of the travellers have survived a second attempt. Caille and Lander are still living, though it would not be surprising if they should follow the example of their predecessors, and renew their efforts—to share a similar fate. With this fatal prospect before before them, there have never been wanting persons ready to embark in the same undertakings. A more remarkable evidence cannot be found in history, of the unconquerable spirit of enterprise, than the eagerness with which the places of the dead are filled up immediately by zealous competitors, at the risk of martyrdom, to the cause of knowledge.

Our own countrymen, Ledyard, was the first adventurer, on this field, sent out after the establishment of the British 'African Association.' He arrived at Cairo in August 1788, and died there, shortly after.

The next was a Mr. Lucas, who penetrated a little distance, and returned to Tripoli, abandoning the expedition.

The third was Major Houghton, the British Consul at Morocco, who undertook to reach the Niger by the route of the Gambia. After being robbed by the Moors, in the Great Desert, he was abandoned, and perished of hunger and fatigue, in 1794.

The celebrated Mungo Park followed. The story of his voyage, which he commenced in 1795, is well known. He returned safety to England after an absence of three years. His second and fatal voyage commenced in 1805. The large expedition which he carried with him, melted away before the pestilential influence of the African climate. Of thirty eight Europeans started with him, five only were left, all sick, and one deranged, when he embarked on board of his canoe, in November, 1805, on his voyage down the Niger; after which he was no more heard of with certainty until the voyage of Denham and Clapperton ascertained the particulars of his murder.

The Association had in the meantime despatched other travellers into Africa;—Horneman, who perished in 1810 by a disease at a town on the Niger, and Mr. Nichols, who proposed to start from the Gulf of Beningard died there of fever. A German, named Roentgen, was despatched in 1809, under the same auspices. He reached Mogadore, but was robbed and murdered, a few miles from the place where he set out.

The narratives of Riley and Adams, both Americans, are next in order. They both survived a slavery in Africa.

The expeditions sent out by the British Government were not more fortunate than those of the Association. A grand enterprise fitted out in 1816 was divided into two parties, one to descend the Niger, and one to ascend the Congo,—the last commanded by Capt. Tuckey, and the former by Capt. Paddie, with numerous attendants. Most of the officers of the Congo expedition perished.—The Captain, the zoologist, the botanist, the geologist, who accompanied it, fell successively. The other party fared no better. Major Peddie died early; his successor in command, Col. Campbell, soon followed; the third in command, Lieutenant Stockoe, survived them only a few days. The miserable remains of the party returned in the fall of 1817.

The next enterprise was conducted by Messrs Ritchie and Lyon. The former died at Fezzan, and the latter returned safe. Major Laing and Captain Gray had a little while before made short expeditions into the interior, and returned without loss of life.

The important expeditions of Denham and Clapperton, accompanied by Dr. Oudney, and Mr. Toole were the next in point of time. The journal of their first voyage is familiar to most readers. Mr. Toole and Dr. Oudney died on that journey. Clapperton's second voyage was accompanied by Dr. Morrison and Capt Pearce, Their servant, Richard Lander was the only survivor; the others died successively from the effects of the climate.

Maj. Laing, the next victim, was assassinated in the Desert.

The French Traveller Caille was the immediate predecessor of the Landers in their first and successful journey. He returned in 1828. Their first journey was terminated in 1831. The second has added the name of Richard Lander to this long list of mortality. On looking it over, and marking with how few exceptions the attempts of traveller have been fatal to them, one cannot but wonder at the pertinacious spirit with which the attempts are repeated.

The Adjournment.

Congress will probably adjourn before the fourth of July.—The resolution in the House to adjourn the 30th of the present month will no doubt pass the Senate. Washington City is a terrible place to reside in, in warm weather. It is a miserable spot as a place of comfort at the best of times, but in the 'heat of summer' when the dust, flying in every direction from Pennsylvania Avenue, and filth is to be met with in all quarters from the various boarding houses, it is indeed a most unpleasant spot as a place of residence, and we are not surprised that the members prove restless as soon as warm weather 'sets in' and are anxious for an adjournment. Eight dollars a day is well enough in winter and during healthy weather, but few of us would be willing to remain at New Orleans at the 'height of the sickness' even for double that sum. So with Washington. It should be remembered moreover, that a majority of the members have wives and families at home—hundreds of miles away—and after an absence of six or seven months, it is quite natural that they should desire to return to their respective places of residence. They are prepared therefore for an adjournment in the course of a few weeks. The appropriation Bill will will be passed in a day or two—the reports of the Bank Committee of investigation will be discussed—a few private bills will pass and then an adjournment will take place. The truth is the members are becoming restive and anxious to return home. It is possible the Senate may extend the time until the first of July, but we shall be surprised if either house is in session after the first.

Bicknell's Reporter.

FROM THE N. Y. COMMERCIAL.

City of the Falls.

We are glad to learn that the lawsuit, which stood in the way of completing the Baths and Assembly rooms at the proposed city of the Falls, adjoining the far-famed Falls of Niagara, having terminated in favor the proprietors, the completion of that building will now take place, as also the raising of water to the summit level. The Hotels are at length under the superintendance of Mr. Atkinson, so that a new feature of attraction attends that place, where all resort. Our readers will perceive that the proprietors are determined to carry their project into operation by holding forth admission to shareholders, and equal advantage to all who may be desirous of becoming proprietors on such moderate terms that may effect the value in the minds of many. We are authorised to say that as soon as the books are opened, a number of lots will be taken for young ladies and children, as each must draw a building lot or prize. We are glad to find that, independent of the lots on the upper bank fronting the cataract, (exceeding one hundred) above six hundred double lots are interspersed on the streets, and all on the market square are double.—the map is now being lithographed, which will clearly exhibit the plan which has been laid down by Mr. Doughty of this city. No part of the management is more satisfactory than the proprietors having laid open so large a space on the Upper Bank for the public, and at the same time preserving all the native scenery of the Lower Bank, peremptorily directing that not a branch shall be taken off, nor a tree destroyed. The portion of the ground then will remain precisely in the same state as nature left it, to the satisfaction, doubtless, of every true lover of natural history.

A New Dough Face.

We regret to state that a most unfortunate accident recently happened to Mr. Jonathon Doubikins, baker, of this city. He had got his oven hot, and his batch of dough just ready to form into loaves; when, by some unaccountable casualty, just as he was about to commence operations in the bread-trough, his foot slipped up, or his head slipped down—we are not exactly informed which—but, at any rate, dive he went, over head and ears, into the broad, deep batch of dough.

Mr. Doubikins! Mr. Doubikins! screamed his wife, as she happened, just at the identical moment, to pop her head into the bakery, and saw the head of Mr. Doubikins popping into the dough, why, Mr. Doubikins, what do you mean by diving into that are dough? Who'll eat it now, after you've had your nasty head dabbing in it? I would'nt no more touch it than I would Mrs. Pillicrank's butter. Oh, you filthy creature, Mr. Doubikins, what do you mean by such behaviour? Why don't you speak, Mr. Doubikins!

I can't speak—I can't get out a word—don't you see my mouth's chock full of dough! said Mr. Doubikins, who by this time with immense effort, had withdrawn his head from the thick, adhesive batch of dough.

Can't speak! exclaimed the affectionate Mrs. Doubikins, can't speak, do you say! Why, what a dumb dough-head you are, Mr. Doubikins.

So would you be a dough-head too, if you'd been where I have, Mrs. Doubikins.

But how came you there, Mr. Doubikins!

Why, I fell in the—that's how I came there.

And what did you fall in for!

Why! Why, I went to begin to commence taking out the dough, to mould the bread, and—

So you dived into the bread-trough for it! A pretty way of doing business, that Mr. Doubikins.

Not so very pretty, neither, my love. But what's to be done with my head, now!

A fiddlestick's end for your head! Let it be till you get the bread into the oven.

True, the batch will all sour, if 'tisn't got in soon.

Mr. Doubikins then fell industriously to work, and having got all his batch safely housed, or rather, safely ovened, the embarrassing question very naturally recurred, what was to be done with his head; and what was the best method of delivering his hair from the farinaceous stucco wherewith it was stuck over, and under, and all about. Now, Mrs. Doubikins, said he, as the batch is out of the way, do tell me what is best to be done with my head. Shall I wash it with soap and water, or soap and sand, or—what shall I do!

Why, what a fuss you do make, Mr. Doubikins! Do let the dough alone—it'll come off when it's dry.

So the old woman said about the grease.—But you don't recollect, my dear, how much *alum* there is in the dough. Alum you know is a mordant, and the more it is dried, the closer it will stick.

Ah, I told you so. I always told you you put too much alum in the bread.

But that, my love, is better than saw dust or plaster of Paris. Besides, at the time I put in the alum, I had no idea of putting my head in.

As you brew, so you must bake, said Mrs. Doubikins.

But you wouldn't have me bake my head, would you, Mrs. Doubikins!

I don't think 'twould be any the worse for it, Mr. Doubikins.

That's as much as to say I'm a doughhead.

Take it as you will.

Then I take it as an insult.

Do, my love.

I'll not bear it.

Don't, my love.

I'll apply for a divorce. I'll go this instant to the Court of Chancery—"

What, with that dough-face!

Ay, with any face I please, or without any face if I please.

Mr. Doubikins, in a great passion, put on his hat, and telling his wife to mind the bread, while he went to apply for a divorce, he posted off. How he came out, or how he is likely to come out, we have not heard—we mean in regard to the divorce—for, as to his head, it became so fairly pasted into his hat that he has never been able to get it out since; and we understand it is decidedly the opinion of good judges, that Mr. Doubikins will sooner be divorced from Mrs. Doubikins, than Mr. Doubikins's head will be divorced from Mr. Doubikins's hat.—[New York Transcript.

The Female.

The following natural and true description of the parental comfort derived from female children, is from a speech of Burrows, an eminent Irish Lawyer: "The love of offspring, the most forcible of all our instincts is ever stronger towards the female, than the male child. It is wise that it should be so—it is more wanted. It is just that it should be so—it is more required. There is no pillow, on which the head of a parent, languished by sickness, or by sorrow, can so sweetly repose as on the bosom of an affectionate daughter. Her attentions are unceasing. She is utterly incapable of remaining inactive. The boy may afford occasionally comfort and pride to his family—they may catch glory from his celebrity, and derive support from his acquisitions—but he never communicates the solid and unceasing comforts of life, which are derived from the care and tender solicitude of the female child. She seems destined by Providence to be the perpetual solace and happiness of her parents. Even after her marriage, her filial attentions are unimpaired. She may give her hand and heart to her husband, but still she may share her cares and attentions with her parents, without a pang of jealousy, or distrust from him. He only looks on them, as the assured pledges of her fidelity and the unerring evidences of a good disposition.—*Journal of Women.*

Too Bad.

There is a little newspaper published in Pennsylvania, called the "Bethania Palladium," and though it is not of the mammoth class, being but about as large as the cover of Peter Parley's primmers, is in every respect, great. No paper comes to this office that we read with so much gusto. It certainly is not because of its shining qualities—its wit or its wisdom, for the honest Quaker who manufactures it, is an unpretending man, and is as far removed from either of those qualities as any fellow citizen of ours in the United States.—Nor does our liking come from any thing intrinsically interesting in the local incidents of that quiet community, for we do not recollect any event recorded in the Palladium since we have been so happy as to look into its pages, more important than the Editor's campaign made some time since against his neighbors hens who had invaded his "Oat patch." It is not from any of these considerations that we are so partial to the Palladium—still like it we do—we like it because—in short, we like it because—we can't help it! This paper is divided into "departments," and each subject appropriately classed. For instance, under the "Farmer's department" we notice a treatise on "Burdock's for hogs," and under the "Historic department" a wedding which took place lately at Pequonnock, and a kitten at Mr. Keatting's, with two heads. The "Didactic department" contains a criticism upon the cruelty of tying barn-door fowls to a stake to be shot at. But under the head of the "Gambler's department" we think the Editor too severe, and we will have a trial with him for it. He begins it, "Andrew JACKSON—*a horse jockey*," and then proceeds to say upon the authority of Poulson's Advertiser, that Gen. Jackson's horses took the purse at the Jockey Club Races at Washington a few days since—they being entered in the name of Mr. Dolelson. This is uncharitable in the Editor, he ought to have put this in the "didactic department" among the hens.—*N. Y. Cour. & Enq.*

Sentence of Death.

The sentence of the law was on Thursday morning passed upon Felix Murray, convicted of murder. The Court was crowded, and a very large body surrounded the exterior of the building, making vain attempts at entrance, Mr. D. P. Brown, on behalf of Murray, read a long paper containing reasons why sentence should not be pronounced, and the prisoner himself asserted to the Court his entire innocence; that Mrs. Sutcliff had sworn falsely, and had been incited to do so by Tom Timmins, his deadly enemy; that he would die an innocent man, and whatever punishment might be inflicted upon his *body*, that his *soul* would be happy.

Judge King briefly addressed the prisoner and adverted to some of the circumstances of the trial, and conjured him to think of the fate which awaited him, and delivered the judgment of the court as follows:

"That you, Felix Murray, be taken hence to the place whence you came, and be hanged by the neck until you are dead, and may God in his infinite mercy, have pity and commisseration on your soul."—*Gaz.*

An Absent Lady.

Lady Gordon (says the Duchess of Orleans in her Memoirs) the grand-aunt of Lord Huntly, was my *dame d'atour* for a considerable period. She was a singular person, and always plunged into reveries. When she was speaking with a man, she had a habit of playing with the buttons of his waistcoat; having one day occasion to talk to the Chevalier Buveon, a captain of the guard, and being a very tall man she, could only reach the lower buttons which she began to unbutton. The poor gentleman was quite horror-struck, and started back crying. 'For heaven's sake, Madam, what are you going to do!'

Consumption.

This is one of the most fatal and fearful scourges of civilized man. In this country the ravages of consumption are dreadful, particularly on the sea board; and it is to be regretted that the cause of the disease cannot be ascertained, and some preventives or remedies discovered. It appears to be increasing in some parts of Europe also, within a few years, and it is stated that of 65,359 deaths which occurred in London for the last four years, more than *one fourth* are to be attributed to consumption! Is this owing to peculiarity in food or clothing, or to some radical defect in the constitution of its victims.

Boston Journal.

Lord Wellington in one of his rides, saw a man of the 80th, or Connaught Rangers, posting along as fast as his legs could carry him, with a bee-hive on his head. Lord Wellington furious at so flagrant a disobedience of orders, which snapped all discipline, called out to him, "Hillo! sir, where did you get that bee-hive!" Pat had enveloped his head and face in a great coat to prevent the bees stinging him; and thinking more of his prize than the tone of voice, addressed to him, answered in pure Milesian, "Jist over the hill, there, and by Jasus, if ye don't make haste they'd all be gane." The blind goodnature of Pat stayed the Duke's anger, and it was reported at dinner as a good joke; it was no joke afterwards, however, to the 4th division, as will be seen in the orders of the month following, when they got the name of the "honeysuckers." But they soon won for themselves another name in the field, and gained something sweeter than honey, in a reputation, which would have buried their former name in oblivion, had not this anecdote brought it again to memory.

Curious Cases of Suicide.

Dr. Heyfelder, in a tract of self-murder lately published, gives an account of several curious attempts made by persons on their own lives. Among them is the case of a woman who tried to accomplish her purpose by the application of 200 leeches; also of another who exposed herself to swarms of bees; and an apothecary beat in his own brains a pestle. But one of the most original modes of suicide among them is the following:—a builder who was chagrined by the treatment he received from his employers, resolved to put himself to death, wrote a letter, expressing his determination, and then hurried to a steep part of the high road, where vehicles of all sorts were obliged to put on a drag in the descent. Here he waited till a heavily loaded wagon reached the spot, when, with the fury of a maniac, he seized hold of one of the wheels that was not locked and applying his body to the circumference, was presently crushed and ground as under a mill stone.—*Medical Gaz.*

Lewis Hitchcock, a lad of 14, fell from an ox cart, in Westville, New Haven, and broke his neck. He was picked up immediately, but no spark of life remained.

Conundrum—drawn, concocted, and inferred from Miss Edgeworth.—Why are first cousins, who have just cleared out from your house, no longer first cousins. Because they are *once removed*.

On Tuesday last a Calf was killed at the slaughter house of Mr. Anthony Doebler, in Mifflinburg, which weighed 333 pounds. The hide weighed 66 pounds. This extraordinary calf was raised by Mr. Solomon Betz, of East Buffaloe township, in this county; and was but 4½ months old at the time of slaughter. It is the opinion of those good judges who examined him, that he was the largest and most extraordinary calf ever killed in Pennsylvania; and the Union Cattle Show is bantered to produce such an one at their annual celebration next fall.

A butcher boy carrying a tray on his shoulder, accidentally struck it against a lady's head, and discomposed her wig.—'The duce take the tray,' cried the lady, in a passion. 'Madam, said the lad gravely the duce cannot take the tray.'

A young lad, who afterwards became celebrated for his wit, was bound out as an apprentice at a very early age. On a spring morning that was somewhat chilly, he hovered round the fire, and discommoded his good mistress, who was employed in getting breakfast. 'What!' said she, 'are you cold! Only listen. Don't you hear the frogs sing!' 'Singing!' returned the boy, with some disdain, and more self importance, *'it is only their teeth chattering!'*

Female Emigration.

The Stratsfieldsay, the first vessel which has sailed this year with females to Australia, left the river yesterday with 250 passengers, bound for Hobart-town. The passengers consist of young women, whose average from 15 to 30 years. They are all young women into whose characters a rigid inquiry has been instituted, before the testimonials required for the permission of their embarkation have been allowed. in so large a number, it is unnecessary to say that a great diversity of graduation must of necessity exist, but the utmost caution has been used by the committee, under the ordeal of whose examination all candidates must pass, to prevent any female of improper character from being admitted on board. The instructions with which the committee have furnished Mr. Thomas Parsons, the surgeon of the vessel, and Mr. Ashton, the superintendant, under whose immediate control the passengers are placed, are drawn up with a most careful attention to the wants and necessities which are contemplated on the voyage, and to the nature of the peculiar exigencies which will most probably arise. They form an excellent institute, upon which a code of regulations may be based. The ship, a vessel of 500 tons burden, is fitted up every convenience, for the comfort, the health, and even the amusement of the passengers; every arrangement bears the marks of attention to the situation of the emigrants. Many of these young women, from personal appearance, and from propriety of behavior, will be an ornament to the regions to which their destination leads them. The majority of them are in appearance respectable; and the minority, a very small one certainly, are decorus and decent. The vessel is furnished with every article of provision for the voyage on a scale of liberty. There is a good supply of sheep, pigs, fowls, &c. an ample medicine-chest, wine, spirits, and every thing to preserve health and prevent disease. Although it is not to be supposed that these persons are in affluent circumstances, they are far removed from a state of pauperism. The government of the country grants to each of them on their landing at Hobart-town the sum of £12. The sum of £5 each is required of them for their passage, and they are moreover required to furnish themselves with an adequate supply of clothes for the voyage; to enable them to do so, an arrangement has in some instances been made by which clothes has been supplied to them in this country, and their undertaking to pay within a reasonable time after the settlement in the colony taken as a security for the accommodation. The committee, of which Mr. Edward Forster is the chairman, and of which Messrs. Hoare, Smith, Bracebridge, Pirie, Lushington, and many other influential gentlemen of the city are members, are the immediate agents by whom the efforts of goverrnment are carried into effect, and by whose instrumentality its exertions are rendered available to a most desirable object. That object is to equalize the proportion of the number of males and females in Van Dieman's Land, and to remove the disproportion of more than three to one which now exists. Immediately on the arrival of these young women in the colony they will be under the management and direction of the Governor and a committee of ladies. Places and situations will be procured for them, according to their respective capabilities and attainments, and they will be put in a way of earning by their own industry and exertions an honorable support. The whole body of passengers, with very few exceptions, which the taking leave of friends and relations unavoidably produces, were in the highest spirits, and we sincerely wish that the whole course of their voyage may be attended with the same symptoms of cheerfulness and prosperity by which its commencement was distinguished.

London Times, May 2.

A Venetian, who died not long since, made a profusion of torches for his funeral artificially loaded with crackers, anticipating to a confidential friend the hubbub that would result from the explosion which he had calculated must take place in the most inconvenient spot. This posthumous joke verified the most sanguine expectations of its projector.

MANNER OF MAKING CASTOR OIL VERY PALATABLE TO CHILDREN.—Take the quantity of oil you propose for the dose and boil it for a few minutes in an equal quantity of milk; then sweeten it with a little sugar. When the mixture has cooled, stir it well, and give it to the child. There will be no necessity of giving the child any thing to drink after taking the mixture, for the taste of it is more pleasant than any drink you can give.

Ingenuity of Suicides.

In England recently, a modern Cleopatra put an end to her life, by deliberately applying two hundred leeches to her body to bleed her to death. Another female exposed herself to a swarm of bees for the same purpose. A builder, who had been found fault with by his employer, went to a hill, were heavy wagons were obliged to put on drags in descending, and when a heavily loaded wagon approached he seized hold of one of the wheels that was not locked, and applying his body lengthwise to the circumference, was instantly crushed to death.—*Advocate.*

THE ADVOCATE.

Thursday, June 19, 1834.

A DUN.

To such of our subscribers as have not paid for the last year, we must say that their payments have now become due. We have requested them repeatedly to give us the small amount of their subcsription. Our own debts must be paid. Our Paper, Ink, Journeymen, &c. all claim *money*, and money must be had. From our subscribers it must come. The amount is small to them individually, but to us it is much in the aggregate. To those who have paid we return thanks, and to those who have not paid, we request that they will call immediately and liquidate our claims.

We insert in another part of our paper the address of the Harrisburg Temperance Convention, to the Farmers of the State on the subject of using ardent spirit in the hay and harvest fields. The address was draughted by our fellow townsman, Dr. Woodhull, and should be in the hands of all our agriculturalists. It can be procured in any number, gratuitously, by application to Mr. John Marsh, Temperance Agent, Philadelphia.

Congress after talking and debating for an unusual length of time, have at last resolved to adjourn on the 30th of this month. We believe that the spectacle presented to the American people during the present session has not been often equalled. The Senate and the House holding antagonist positions, what prevailed in one, was almost certain of defeat in the other, how far the interests of the country suffered appears to have been a secondary consideration, and the highest legislative body of the Union bid fair to break up, leaving the questions that are vexing and disquieting the people, unsettled, and after pocketing thousands in its daily pay, returns its several members to their constituents, to answer (if they can) for this prodigality of money and time. Never have we known such a collision of intellect, such splendid oratory, and such arduous exertions, as has signalized the past winter and spring. The debates in either House, would have done honor in many cases, to the far frmed era of Burke and his associates, and yet followed by such an abortion of result. What has caused this singular state of affairs, we have now neither leisure or inclination to examine, but there are some questions we would suggest, that every voter at the next election ask himself, as to the candidate, especially if a member of the present Congress.

Has he followed the wishes and interests of the majority of his constituents?

Has he or will he be found at his post, or may I expect he will visit the cities and obtain an *eating* notoriety, and at last *blink and dodge* on the test vote of an important principle?

Has he or will he attend on the committees and push on business, or will he do nothing in the committee room. Speak two days when before the House, and then vote for the previous question, as soon as he has done?

These and smilar queries may and ought to be asked. This everlasting gabble may do for a flock of Geese, for history tells that one capitol was *saved* in this way, and we fear that history may yet tell of another capitol that was *lost* in a similar manner. By way of salvo, we remark, that we have no idea of calling the whole body Geese, there are some noble Swans in the flock, but alas the *goslins*.

Unfinished Business.

Davy Crockett remarked, immediately after the Speakers election, that Mr. Sutherland (or the *leetle* Doctor,) had been laid on the table among the unfinished business!

The Post Office.

We have been looking into the reports of the Committee of the Senate on the Post Office affairs, as usual, there are two stories, but take either and the aspect of affairs is enough to startle any one. We marvel not at the repeated failure of the mails, or at the arrogance of Contractors. We think that there is now an adequate reason. We have no space for detail, but never was there any business so scandalously mismanaged as this department. Contrasted with his predecessor Mr. McLane, Jr. Barry stands condemned, and however party feeling may aggravate or extenuate his conduct, we cannot but think every candid person who reads the documents on this topic will say, that it is fully time a thorough reform should take place, and above all, that its inefficient head be displaced, and some one more capable selected. In common with others we have had and have our full share of grievances from the Post Office arrangements, and now feel disposed to see how far they are changeable in the department. Bad roads and broken bridges were the standing excuses, but it needs something else now.

COMMUNICATIONS.

FOR THE MARIETTA ADVOCATE.

Mr. McCay:—The practice of some Editors pouring the public with their own crude and ill arranged thoughts, or their own trifling and uninteresting affairs is becoming too prevalent. An Editor of the present times instead of selecting useful or entertaining matter for his readers, to amuse or instruct, will publish the original and most egregious nonsense, the offspring of his own shallow brain and equally flat, stale and unprofitable.

This is not mentioned as a trifling criticism but as a serious matter of complaint, and in the eyes of the judicious it is a very reprehensible practice. The subscriber of a paper pays for substantial and wholesome reading and desires not to be put off with the froth of shallow intellect, or the pernicious weeds of a barren brain. Now-a-days, if an Editor has any thing to tell even the most simple thing, he makes a column or two, out of what ought to occupy a few lines and will inform you of the plainest circumstance in the most pompous language.—If an Editor likes his bed of a morning, he "clings to its downy folds;" if he smells a beefsteak or veal cutlet cooking, "the smell of the viands prepared for his morning meal titilates on his olfactory organs;" a cup of coffee is by the same perversion called "a cup of aromatic berry;" when he awakes "he shakes off the chains of Morpheus;" does he dwell in a pleasant country town, it is certainly "peerless;" should he travel through the woods and hear locusts which he has heard many times before, he must feign ignorance, to introduce his companion's (perhaps a Brother Editor) good education and trusty qualities—when he sees a well kept grave yard, he talks pompously of "no weeds rearing their *horrid* fronts, or if a man shows his love to a deceased relative by erecting a beautiful monument it is designated "*Heartless Ostentation*," and in this manner the sapient Editor continues disgusting the public with insipid details of unimportant events, and exposing at once his emptiness and self conceit. Not content with this he will perhaps stigmatize the press of "his own, his native land," and publish foreign slanders and retail foreign lies uttered against American journals, admit them as truth and state supposed causes—which if his paltry ideas were ever to reach a foreign shore, would give false and inferior notions of our political papers. He will say—"*The press is in a state of almost* TOTAL BONDAGE, *for the purposes of political partizanship*," and follow with a tirade of abuse against political Editors of either side to whom he could no more be compared than "Hyperion to a Satyr;" men who possess unblemished honour, pure patriotism and exalted intellect.—There are a hundred such Editors, and yet the press to be stigmatized as in almost total bondage and perhaps by an Editor who possesses not a tithe of the pure principles and intellectual qualifications of the men he abuses. Then again he will say that "ignorance and destitution of talents is common among Editors," another most false and calumnious libel on the press of the country; an ignorant Editor is very *uncommon*, and as to talents such an Editor should remember an old proverb and nevertheless true. "Those who live in *glass* houses should not throw stones." Talents does not consist in making a paragraph about trifles not worth knowing or writing long sentences about nothing, and this "second Daniel come to judgment" will assure us we need not look for "dignity of deportment" among these ignorant Editors—alas how many men of almost superhuman talents can be pointed out as awkward as bears and without any thing like dignity and perhaps the author of such a nonsensical assertion may be distinguished for nothing more than a pompous stride or an aristocratic strut. It is a well known fact that stately trees seldom produce delicious fruit. I conclude by saying with the immortal Bard, "Let the galled jade wince."

JUVENAL.

FOR THE MARIETTA ADVOCATE.

Mr. Editor:—As a citizen of this borough, I cannot avoid noticing many occurrences whieh take place in our borough. We have a Market House and it has been put in good repair at a considerable expense in order to establish a Market, but through some misunderstanding there is but two Butchers who stand in the Market. Now I hope that our citizens will not encourage these proceedings, but buy from those who do sell in the Market House, during Market hours. Last summer it was well attended with people who wanted to purchase, and was plentifully supplied with Beef, Pork, Veal, Mutton, Butter and all kind of vegetables. The Burgess and Council have rented the stalls expecting that every victualler would take his meat to Market, but on the contrary several of them sell out at their Houses. This, I think is incorrect, be he Burgess, Councilman, or citizen, he ought not to buy meat out of Market, unless actually necessiated to do so. Our neighbors of Donegal brought their marketing here at the regular market hour last summer, and if encouraged, will do this year, and if the citizens will confine themselves to buying provisions at market, then will our market flourish.

I also wish to call attention to our streets and side walks; in passing along you will find them blocked up with old carts, lumber, wood, wagons, and actually water troughs across the pavements. I do, and did always expect better regulations of our officers, and I hope the Borough laws will be effectually enforced hereafter.

A CITIZEN.

ADDRESS

To the Farmers of Pennsylvania, by the

Harrisburg Temperance Convention.

Fellow Citizens:—We have been deputed by the State Temperance Convention, which assembled at Harrisburgh on the 4th of March last, to speak to you in relation to an enemy, the deadliest and most formidable that has ever threatened the destruction of our interests and happiness. They have instructed us to commune with you, as with friends and brothers, on a subject of vital importance to your present enjoyments and your future hopes. It is a topic to which we invite your attentive consideration as one that is intimately connected with the temporal prosperity and eternal destiny of yourselves, and of those over whom your influence extends.

Intemperance is now universally acknowledged to be a foe as destructive to political prosperity as it is ruinous to social comfort and individual enjoyment. It is a vice which steals upon its victim with a strength so powerful, and a seductiveness so alluring, as to accomplish his destruction before he is made aware of the existence of the vortex into which he has been unconsciously whirled. It is a vice which while it yields no pecuniary or substantial return, spreads disease and desolation over the land. It is a vice which incites to crime, undermines the health, and ruins the soul. It speaks no peace to the heart—it adds no strength to the judgment; it gives no permanent brilliancy to the imagination. Poverty, wretchedness, and vileness, follow in its polluted train.

Few individuals plunge suddenly into this whirlpool of ruin. Almost every drunkard commences his career of infatuation by occasional departures from the observances of temperance. Indulgence follows indulgence, until habit binds him in its iron grasp. Its fetters are speedily rivetted. The whisperings of conscience, the entreaties of friends, and the ruin that inevitably awaits him, are alike disregarded. He passes his days in a manner disgraceful to himself, and unprofitable to society, and finally descends to the grave unhonoured and unregretted. No fragrance surrounds his memory, no blessings descend, for his sake, upon his children.

There is no class of persons more exposed to the evils which are here pointed out, than that portion of our fellow citizens, who gain a livelihood by their daily labour. Amongst labourers in the hay and harvest fields, more particularly, the destructive habit of drinking ardent spirit has been sanctioned by long custom. It is looked upon as necessary to the support of the physical strength under the fatigues to which they are constantly exposed.—But in the face of strong habit and ancient prejudice, we boldly aver that there could be no idea more erroneous, no practice more useless and ruinous. In proof of these assertions we would submit facts and reasons to which we invite your serious attention.

It has been a common, but mistaken notion, that ardent spirit is especially necessary for the support of the strength during hard labour in hot weather. It is now agreed, however, by all intelligent physicians and observant men, that in no case is its use subservient to the better endurance of fatigue and hardship. It stimulates the system and temporarily increases the strength; but this unnatural excitement speedily passes away, and leaves the body oppressed with languor and lassitude.—The heat of the sun, and protracted laborious exercise, also exhaust the excitability of the system, and produce fatigue and languor. Now when all these causes are brought to operate on one individual at the same time, it is evident that the consequences must be highly injurious, and that ardent spirit, instead of, sustaining and supporting the bodily strength under the combined effects of hard labour and haustion. And when this course of stimulation is persevered in, the constitution will be ruined, and the power of supporting hardships, in a great measure, broken down. This is not mere theory. Experience has confirmed its truth. The testimony of hundreds of respectable farmers and labourers can be adduced in support of the position. We are acquainted with individuals in the constant enjoyment of uninterrupted health and rugged strength, who have for years endured the fatigues of the hay and harvest fields without having used a single drop of ardent spirit. And it is worthy of remark that these individuals are generally much better capable of supporting the fatigues of labour, than those who use spirituous liquors for the purpose of stimulation. Medical men who reside in New Orleans, and in the West Indies, have declared that those who drink nothing but water are but little affected by the climate, and can undergo fatigue without inconvenience; while rum used habitually or even *moderately*, as well as in excessive quantities, always diminishes the strength and renders men more susceptible of disease. It, then, the practice of using ardent spirit, even in small quantities, is not only useless, but injurious in warm climates, it must, of course, be equally so in our own climate during the heat of the summer months.

Another great evil which we would mention is the aggravation of mortality among labourers, from this cause. No class of persons is more liable to fractures and other severe injuries; and when these occur in a constitution habituated to the use of spirituous liquors a frightful train of consequences is generally the result. The system is not capable of opposing the requisite resistance to the diseased action which is set up, and the original injury frequently becoming complicated with the disease called *delirium tremens* or *mania a potu*, the patient sinks under their combined effects.

The accumulated testimony of those who have devoted much time and observation to the subject, decisively proves that none labour with so much ease and constancy; and none endure disease, hardships, and the vicissitudes of the weather, so well as those who entirely abstain from the use of ardent spirit. Such individuals are better able to digest their food, and receive more nourishment from it. They are more useful, contented and wealthy. It has been well said, that ardent spirit when used even moderately, always diminishes the strength, renders men more susceptible of disease, and unfits them for any service in which vigour and activity are required; and that we might as well throw oil into a house, the roof of which was on fire, in order to prevent the flames from extending to the inside, as to pour ardent spirit into the stomach, to lessen the effect of a hot sun upon the skin.

Having thus shown that ardent spirit is not only useless, but decidedly injurious to labourers in the hay and harvest fields, it becomes our duty to point out a fit substitute by the use of which the health and strength may be preserved. This substitute is PURE WATER. This beverage with which a bountiful Providence has so profusely furnished us, is the only drink which is perfectly adapted to those wants of the human system which require the supply of a liquid. Some suppose that water is not sufficiently strong for persons who are engaged in hard labour during hot weather. Such individuals will at once perceive how erroneous is such an idea when they are reminded that digestion is greatly facilitated by its use, that the nourishment of the body is consequently carried on with much greater ease, that it promotes the healthy circulation of the blood, and in short, that there is no article which is so kindly received by the digestive canal after the debility produced by perspiration and other exhausting discharges. Hence, the strength of the body, and the capability of enduring labour are greatly enhanced by its habitual employment. It is well known to the inhabitants of tropical climates that those who make water their only drink, live longer and enjoy better health than those who indulge in the use of vinous or distilled liquors. Dr. Mosely, a distinguished physician, treating of the diseases of warm climates, says, "I aver, from my own knowledge and custom, as well as from the custom and observation of others, that those who drink *nothing but water* are but little affected by the climate, and can undergo the greatest fatigue and inconvenience." Were it necessary, we could adduce a mass of testimony in support of the principle which we sustain, but will content ourselves with simply stating facts and reasons as they here stand.—And we solicit each one of you to test their accuracy, by reducing the principle to practice. You will thus accomplish more work, your labourers will be more orderly, there will be fewer accidents, and more cheerfulness than can be effected by any other plan.

In using water while exposed to intense heat and hard labor, it is proper that some precautions should be observed as to its temperature. When the heart and blood vessels, together with the stomach and skin, are much excited by heat and long continued labour, they are rendered incapable of resisting the depressing power of cold. When such a state of circumstances occur, to use water of very low temperature would be highly deleterious. But if it be only a few degrees below the temperature of the atmosphere, it may be drunk with impunity. River water, or that which has been drawn from a pump or well, and permitted to stand exposed to the air for three hours, may be taken without danger, and will more effectually quench thirst than immoderate draughts of very cold water.

Some persons are in the habit of making some addition to the water for the purpose of rendering it more palatable. Acidulated drinks, (made by the addition of vinegar, lemon juice, cream of tartar, &c.) are used by many, while others prefer the admixture of sugar or molasses. Of these preparations the sweetened water is undoubtedly the most suitable. Milk, milk and water, and fresh buttermilk, when it agrees well with the stomach, form wholesome and agreeable drinks. Spruce beer, made with the oil or essence of spruce and molasses and water, forms an excellent substitute for spirituous liquors. Sweetened water, with an occasional admixture of ginger, is also a very salutary beverage. None of these preparations, however, are equal to PURE WATER, which is the only fluid perfectly adapted to the wants of man when in health.

Farmers of Pennsylvania, we have thus shown you that the use of ardent spirit, as a drink, in the hay and harvest fields, is injurious to the labourers; that it renders them incapable of adequately supporting the impressions of combined heat and labour; that it weakens their strength; that it prevents their constitutions from resisting the inroads of disease; that it lays the foundation of confirmed habits of train of moral and physical evils. We have shown you that in the same circumstances, pure water used with the proper precautions, is the drink which will best support their strength; that it promotes digestion and the substantial nourishment of the system; and that it is conducive alike to the integrity of the powers of both the body and the mind. We call upon you then as men and as Christians, to discourage, by all the means in your power, the use of ardent spirit on your farms. You are now aware of the destructive evils of which it is the origin. The light of truth has shed its clear beams around you. The question now rests with your CONSCIENCE and your GOD.

ALFRED A. WOODHULL, M. D. *of Lancaster co.*
WILMER WORTHINGTON, M. D. *of Chester co.*
GEORGE B. KERFOOT, M. D. *of Lancaster co.*
ANTHONY MORRIS, *of Bucks co.*
JOHN CLARK, *of Beaver co.*
SAMUEL KERR, *of Butler co.*

A certain lady of quality carried her purity so far, as warmly to rebuke her librarian for putting the male and female authors together on the same book shelves.

An advocate, of Colmar, having bequeathed to the Lunatic Asylum of that town a sum of 100,000 francs, concludes his legacy in the following terms: 'I gained this money from those who passed their lives in litigation, and therefore it is but an act of restitution."

MARRIED.

On Thursday last, by the Rev. H. B. Shaffner, Mr. SAMUEL REICHART, to Miss MARY HOFFDE, both of Springville.

PRICES CURRENT.

	Marietta	Balt.	Phil.
Flour (wheat)	$4,50	5,12½	5,50
Rye Flour	300	3,50	3,50
Corn	45	56	60
Wheat	95	1,13	1,12
Rye	55	66	66
Oats	25	31	30
Cloverseed	2,75	3,25	3,50
Whiskey	18	20	20
Flaxseed	150	1,60	1,62
Butter	12	"	"
Eggs	8		"

PRICES OF LUMBER.

The following are the prices of the different kinds of Lumber for Sale in this borough, viz:

W. P. Panel Boards Pr. M.	$24,00
Do. do. First common " "	from 15,00 to 16,00
Do. do. Second com. " "	$10,00 to 11,00
Do. do. Cullings " "	$6,50 to 7,50
Plank one inch, same rate	" "
First common yellow pine	$20,00 to 24,00
Second common do do from	$12,00 to 15,00
Shingles 30 inch from	$5,00 to 9,00
do. 2 ft. from	$3,00 to 5,00
Scantling white Pine from	$10,00 to 12,00
Do. Hemlock, from	$7.00 to 9,00
Cherry boards from	$15,00 to 16,00
Chair Plank, good,	20,00
Locust posts finished, pr. 100 from	$31 to 04,00
Do do rough " "	from $12 to 25,00
Hogshead Staves pr. m. "	from $20 to 25,00
Barrel do " "	from $7, to 10,00
Sawed pine and Hemlock Rails pr. 100 from	$7 to 8,00

Jackson Meeting.

The Democratic Jackson Men, are requested to attend a Meeting of the party at the Eagle Hotel, in the borough of Marietta, on Saturday Evening the 21st, inst.

By order of the Committee,
June 19th, 1834.

MUSICAL TUITION.

JOHN P. WIND,

Professor of Music, begs leave to inform the citizens of Marietta and its vicinity, that he will give instructions on the

Piano Forte, German Flute, Flagolet & Kent Bugle.

TERMS.—Eight dollars per quarter, for Piano Forte. Six dollars Flute or Flagolet. Ten dollars per quarter, Kent Bugle.

REFERENCES:—John H. Withers, John J. Libhart.

N. B. MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS and all the latest and most fashionable Music, can be had all times, at the Store of John H. Goodman, Market Street.

Marietta, June 19, 1834.

Stray Cow.

Came to the Plantation on which the subscriber resides, in East Dongall township, on Friday the 13th of June, 1834, A BRINDLE COLORED COW, with the ear mark.

The owner is desired to come forward prove his property, pay charges and take her away, otherwise she will be disposed of according to law.

PETER HARTMAN.

June 19, 1834.

Pine Grove Coal.

Just received a quantity of first quality PINE GROVE COAL; coarse and fine; all of which will be sold cheap.

J. GROSH.

Marietta, June 12, 1834.

P. S. The FINE is for Lime burners, and will be sold at $3 00 per ton, or a trifle over ten cents per bushel. J. G.

Removal.

ASHBEL GREEN, JR.

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

COLUMBIA, PA.

Has removed his office, to his residence in Second, between Locust and Walnut Streets.

A. G. Jr. will attend at Marietta on every Thursday, for the transaction of business, and may be found at Libhart's Hotel.

Columbia, June 12, 1834.

Second year of

PARLEYS MAGAZINE.

The unexampled success of this juvenile the publishers to renewed exertions in making it all that judicious Parents could reasonably expect for the amusement and instruction of Youth.

It is important to remark, that this Magazine has become a great favorite in Schools, and that judicious Parents and Teachers have discovered that its interesting matter, its spirited and appropriate engravings, its entire novelty, added to the circumstance of its coming every fortnight fresh from the Press, in convenient and beautiful numbers, have all conspired to render it unusually attractive to young readers. It is read with avidity and pleasure; and the object of school education, so far as it relates to reading understandingly, acquiring at the same time valuable portions of knowledge, and an enduring taste for reading, is better accomplished by this interesting periodical, than by any means hitherto attempted.

There are now schools in every part of the country that take some twenty, some thirty, some forty, and some as many as sixty copies of this Magazine; and the Teachers, one and all, recommend its use and importance in the most unequivocal manner, and are exerting themselves to increase its circulation.

To such as are yet unacquainted with Parley's Magazine, we would state some of the interesting topics that it presents.

I. NATURAL HISTORY—Of beasts, birds, fishes, reptiles, insects; plants, flowers, trees; the human frame, &c.

II. BIOGRAPHY—Especially of the Young.

III. GEOGRAPHY—Accounts of places, manners, customs, &c.

IV. TRAVELS AND VOYAGES, in various parts of the world.

V. Lively descriptions of the Curiosities of *Nature and Art*,—in each of the U. States, and in other countries.

VI. LESSONS on Objects that daily surround Children in the Parlor, Nursery, Garden, &c.

Accounts of Trades and Employments.

VII. PARTICULAR DUTIES of the Young—to Parents, Teachers, Brothers, Sisters, &c.

VIII. Bible Lessons and Stories.

IX. NARRATIVES—Such as are well authenticated; Original Tales.

X. PARABLES, FABLES, and PROVERBS, where the moral is obvious and excellent.

XI. POETRY—Adapted to the youthful capacity and feelings.

XII. INTELLIGENCE—Embracing Accounts of Juvenile Books, Societies, and Remarkable Occurrences.

Many of the above Subjects are illustrated by numerous and beautiful Engravings, prepared by the best Artists and selected not only with a view to adorn the work, but to improve the Taste, cultivate the Mind, and raise the affections of the young to appropriate and worthy Objects. We would make them better children, better brothers, better sisters, better Pupils, better associates, and, in the end, better citizens.

This Magazine comes out every other Saturday, and is sent to any part of the United States, by mail. Price, $1 a year, in advance. Six copies for $5; 20 copies for $15; or 25 quarterly parts for $5. Postage three quarters of a cent, if under 100 miles, one cent and a quarter only, for the greatest distance.

LILLY, WAIT, & CO.
Publishers, 121, *Washington St.* Boston.
Subscriptions received at this office.

POETRY.

The Ballad of Oriana.

My heart is wasted with my woe,
Oriana.
There is no rest for me below,
Oriana.
When the long dun wolds are ribbed with snow,
And loud the Norland whirlwinds blow,
Oriana,
Alone I wander to and fro,
Oriana.

Ere the light on dark was growing,
Oriana,
At midnight the cock was crowing,
Oriana,
Winds were blowing, waters flowing,
We heard the steeds to battle going,
Oriana;
Aloud the hollow bugle blowing,
Oriana.

In the yew-wood black as night,
Oriana,
Ere I rode into the fight,
Oriana,
While blissful tears blinded my sight
By starshine and by moonlight,
Oriana,
I to thee my troth did plight,
Oriana.

She stood upon the castle wall,
Oriana:
She watched my crest among them all,
Oriana:
She saw me fight, she heard me call.
When forth there stepp'd a foeman tall,
Oriana,
Atween me and the castle wall,
Oriana.

The bitter arrow went aside,
Oriana:
The false, false arrow went aside,
Oriana;
The damned arrow glanced aside,
And pierced thy heart my love, my bride,
Oriana!
Thy heart, my life, my love, my bride,
Oriana!

Oh! narrow, narrow was the space,
Oriana.
Loud, loud rung out the bugle's brays,
Oriana.
Oh! deathful stabs were dealt apace,
The battle deepen'd in its place,
Oriana;
But I was down upon my face,
Oriana.
Oriana!
How could I rise and come away,
Oriana!
How could I look upon the day?
They should have stabb'd me where I lay,
Oriana—
They should have trode me into clay,
Oriana.

Oh! breaking heart that will not break,
Oriana,
Oh! pale, pale face, so sweet and meek,
Oriana,
Thou smilest, but thou dost not speak,
And then the tears run down my cheek,
Oriana:
What wantest thou? whom dost thou seek,
Oriana?

I cry aloud: none hear my cries,
Oriana.
I feel the tears of blood arise
Up from my heart unto my eyes,
Oriana.
Within thy heart my arrow lies,
Oriana.

Oh! cursed hand! oh! cursed blow!
Oriana!
Oht happy thou art that liest low,
Oriana!
All night the silence seems to flow
Beside me in my utter woe,
Oriana.
A weary, weary way I go,
Oriana.

When Norland winds pipe down the sea,
Oriana,
I walk, I dare not think of thee,
Oriana.
Thou liest beneath the greenwood tree,
I dare not die and come to thee,
Oriana.
I hear the roaring of the sea,
Oriana.

FROM THE CULTIVATOR.

Remarks on cutting Oats and Indian Corn—making and applying Manures—rotation of Crops, &c.—By PHILEMON ALSTED, *of Westchester.*

To Jesse Buel, Esq.

SIR—Being honored with a circular from the Board of Agriculture, I will offer a few experiments which have proved to me of great advantage.

In the first place, ever landholder who tills the ground should be very careful to provide and make manure by all possible means in his power; and this he may do a considerable extent. He should provide himself with as much fodder as will winter more cattle than he can summer; and this is done in the following manner: Cut your oats when the straw is green in part; let them lay and cure in the swath until they are sufficiently dry not to mould: bind them in sheaves, and stack them. When they are threshed, the farmer will find that his oats will thresh to greater advantage. The light oats sticking to the straw, makes it good fodder, and I consider it of as much value as will pay the expense of raising the oats.

Secondly, give up the old method of cutting your topstalks; and when your corn is sufficiently hard, or when you cannot find an ear soft enough to boil and eat, then proceed to cut and stout your corn in the field, in the following manner: Bring the tops of two hills together, without cutting, bind them with a few spears of straw: then cut and set up about enough to make four sheaves, if bound; then put a band of straw about the top; and then you may add as many more, and bind the whole with two bands, always keeping the bottom of the stout open, so as to admit the circulation of air. At the proper time of gathering corn, you may proceed thus: Throw down the stout, unbind and begin to gather the corn; when you have stalks enough for a sheaf, bind them and lay it aside until you have enough for a stout. —By this you save all the silk and small husks and under leaves of the corn, which were all lost by the former practice of topping and gathering corn. I will recommend that the stalks be stacked on a hovel, or poles laid on crotches, and foddered in the yard. I have been particular as to the time it takes in this process, and can say I am satisfied it takes no more than in the old method.

The farmer should embrace every open spell in the winter to collect from his milking yard the scrapings, and also from the pond holes and hollows in his woods the leaves and dirt, and draw and spread them in his yard or yards. This will enable him to make, (by the help of twenty head of cattle,) one hundred load of manure; which will be fit on the ground the next autumn, at the rate of twenty loads to the acre; which, if ploughed in, and the land sowed with wheat or rye, and seeded with timothy seed at the same time, and clover the next spring, it will produce a burden that will be satisfactory to the owner, and the ground will be in better condition than when first ploughed.

It may not be amiss to mention what kind of cattle a farmer can winter on such fodder as I have spoken of. I would recommend that he buy, in the fall, young heifers of good quality, and good looking young cows; and if his situation permits, a pair or two of steers, broken to the yoke; all of which are in demand in the spring, and will advance in price sufficient to pay for the wintering, and leave for his advantage a yard full of good manure. I will also recommend attention to be paid to the hog-pen, and as much litter, weeds and refuse from the garden and yards, as can be procured, and by a careful mixture of some good black earth, the quantity of manure may be swelled to a large amount. As almost all landholders have on their farms ponds or swamps, that are miry, I will recommend that they draw out, in the month of August, when most of swamps are dry, a large quantity, and put it in a heap, and there let it lay until the next spring, when it will be fit to put on corn in the hill, and will have a very great effect. If, after the operating of the frost on the heap, the compost sho'd crumble, and have a proportion of dust, it is then good. If it should dry hard and lumpy, like clay, it is only fit to be put in the barn-yard or hog-pen, and be trodden in with the com. I have been enabled to make some poor land become very productive.

As I have given some practical remarks on the making of manure, I shall now proceed to state my process of culture. I break the ground in the month of April, and have the sod turned under by one of Freeborn's ploughs, about eight inches deep; (and here it is that many make great blunders, and much to their disadvantage, by not attending in person, and having their ground ploughed deep and well;) and then harrowed with an iron tooth harrow, or wood will do, if it be heavy, and the teeth made of good hickory, and kept sharp. Harrow the same way you have ploughed, until your ground is well mellowed; then, when you see the earliest apple-tree begin to drop its blossoms, furrow your ground three feet apart at right angles, and plant four grains of corn in a hill.

Almost every farmer has some method of steeping his corn before planting, and rolling it in either plaster, ashes, lime, or tar; all of which, at some times, are an advantage, and at other times a disadvantage. After my corn comes up, and is sufficiently large to be seen in rows, I commence ploughing and hoeing, and continue it until the corn begins to shew signs of setting for ears, being particular to keep the plough a going in dry weather. By the above culture, I have been enabled to collect from fifty to eighty bushels per acre; and by mixing pumpkin seed, and planting it with the corn, I have raised four ox cart loads to the acre.

I have already described my method of collecting and preserving the tops and bottom stalks for fodder. I shall proceed to my next crop, the next spring, which shall be corn, and a proportion of potatoes; giving the preference to corn, on account of the great quantity of fodder. And this year tilling, I break up the sod which laid last year beneath the furrow of the corn plough; thereby I am enabled again to raise a good crop of corn, and subdue all the wild grass; roots and weeds which laid at the bottom of the furrow.—Third year, I split the corn hills with a plough, harrow the ground well, then plough, harrow again, and sow my oats and flax. My oats will produce about forty bushels, and upwards, per acre, depending on the season for their yielding; and my flax will average sixteen bushels of seed, and three hundred weight to the acre. I will observe, that where the ground is strong, and the oats very forward, they ought to be fed off to the ground before they have a joint. This prevents their lodging, and gives the under oats an opportunity to come forward, which will much increase the quantity.—The oat stubble and flax ground should soon be ploughed, harrowed and cross-ploughed; then draw on your manure, about twenty ox cart loads to the acre; spread and plough it in as soon as possible. If you intend to sow rye, put it in about the first of September, and sow your timothy seed after the harrow, eight quarts to the acre; then use a roller, which breaks the lumps. It may be fed off during the fall, by caives, colts or sheep, without any disadvantage. If you intend it for wheat, sow it about the twenty-fifth of September, and follow the same method as with the rye: sow clover in the spring, when the ground is open in cracks, about six pounds to the acre. By following the above directions, I have always realized a goop crop of grain, and a great crop of grass; and the ground may and ought to remain in sod six years, before ploughed again.

Dissolution of Partnership.

The partnership heretofore existing between FORSTER and LAW, Merchants, Marietta, was on the 9th inst. dissolved by mutual consent. All those indebted to said firm, are requested to make payment to Mehaffey and Law, who are authorised to recieve the same, and those having claims against said firm, are requested to present them for payment.

JOHN E. FORSTER,
JAMES S. LAW.

Marietta, May 15, 1834.

We the subscribers respectively inform our friends and the public generally, that we have purchased the establishment formerly owned by "FORSTER and LAW," of Marietta, and we expect in a few days to receive and keep constantly on hand a splendid assortment of goods, and the business will in future be conducted under the firm of Mehaffey and Law.

JAMES MEHAFFEY,
JAMES S. LAW.

Marietta, May 15, 1834.

The People's Magazine.

The first volume of the PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE, which is just completed, was commenced as an experiment. The unqualified approbation it has every where received, and the large list of subscribers it has already obtained, induce the Publishers to continue their efforts to make the work what they intended from the first—a permanent *family magazine*,—one, too, which shall be still more worthy of the high character it sustains. In pursuance of this determination, they will withhold no pains or expense. They have already secured such aid in the editorial department, as they deem necessary to the accomplishment of their purpose.

The great object of the *People's Magazine*, then, is to convey *useful instruction*, in plain and familiar, but chaste language, and in the *cheapest possible form*, to every cottage and fireside in the land. There are few families, to be found, who cannot afford to spend one dollar a year, for a visiter, twice a month, which shall give them valuable information and advice, on subject connected with their usefulness and happiness—which, while it shall not fail to *interest* and *amuse*, shall have still higher and nobler purposes in view—the improvement of the *mind*, and the cultivation of the *heart*.

Natural History will continue to receive, as it deserves, a considerable share of our attention. This science embraces many more topics than at first view might be supposed. Whatever relates to the character, nature, or internal structure, of *men*, *animals*, and *things*, is properly a subject of natural history.

But we shall not confine ourselves wholly to the animal, the vegetable and the mineral kingdoms of *nature*. We shall launch out, often, into *history, arts, manufactures*, &c. The pages of history are full of instruction. *Biography* will also be deemed an appropriate subject. In short, nothing which is calculated to benefit the minds and hearts of our readers, will be intentionally excluded.

We do not expect, in a semi-monthly magazine, to present all the important intelligence of the day, but only such as may be deemed of importance at the time of publication. In consequence of this will sometimes appear late. But delay has its advantages. Much mischief has been done, and many unnecessary pangs inflicted, by an unjudicious eagerness to circulate early intelligence. Every one will recollect instances, where the public press has in this way widely circulated false statements. These evils the People's Magazine will endeavor to avoid.

Engravings of a superior character will continue to be furnished; but while we labor, in this way, to render the work attractive, we intend much more. We believe the good engravings may be made to do something more than to amuse, or even illustrate. We believe they may be made to cultivate the mind, chasten the imagination, develope taste, and benefit the heart. Shall the teachers of vice find engravings an important aid in accomplishing —unworthy ends in vitiating the taste and imagination—and shall the teachers of virtue neglect to turn them to a good account, in the *promotion of human happiness?*

TERMS.—*Published every other Saturday, at* ONE DOLLAR *a year*, in advance. Six copies for five dollars.

The postage of this Magazine is three quarters of a cent for 100 miles, and one cent and a quarter only for the greatest distance. By special decision of the Post-master General.

LILLY, WAIT, & CO.,
Publishers, 121, *Washington St.* Boston.

Subscriptions received at this office.

Removal.

P. J. GORNER

Respectfully informs the citizens of the Borough of Marietta and the public in general that he has removed his

Chair Manufactory

to the new building lately built by James Steele, in the Market Square, next door to J. J. Libhart's Eagle Hotel, where he has on hand a general assortment of finished

Windsor Chairs, Settees, &c.

all of which he will dispose of on reasonable terms for *cash*.

Marietta, April 17, 1834.

Dissolution of Partnership.

The partnership heretofore existing between ESTERLE and CAROTHERS, Clock and Watch makers, Marietta, was dissolved on the first day of January last, by mutual consent.—Those having claims against said firm are requested to present them to G. K. Carothers for payment, and those indebted will please make payment to him.

JOHN ESTERLE.
G. K. CAROTHERS.

Marietta, February 22, 1834.

The subscriber informs his friends and the public that he has removed to the house lately occupied by J. Graybill, Esq. where he will continue the business of

Watch and Clock Making,

in its various branches. An assortment of *JEWELRY, WATCHES AND TIME-PIECES* will be constantly kept on hand.

GEORGE K. CAROTHERS.

Marietta, April 17, 1834.

Valuable Property

For Sale.

The Subscriber offers at Private Sale, th large and commodious

Brick Dwelling House,
AND LOT OF GROUND,

n the Borough of Marietta, now occupied by him as a Store and dwelling house. The property is situated on the South East corner of Market Square, very advantageous for doing public business, the Lot is under the best improvement, being supplied with a well of never failing water, a good cistern at the back door, good stabling, and all kinds of fall and summer fruit. Also, an adjoining

House and Lot of Ground,

in the Market Square.

Persons wishing to view the above described property, are requested to call on

JAMES STEEL.

Marietta, Feb. 6th, 1834.

LIBHART'S HOTEL

and Stage Office,

Corner of Gay & Front Streets, Marietta.

THE Subscriber returns his thanks to a generous public for the favors he has hitherto received, and respectfully announces to his customers and others, that he still continues to occupy that well known stand—the house has lately undergone considerable repairs, improvements and alterations, so as to render it more completely a home for the traveller.

The house is spacious and contains twenty-four rooms, two of which are private Parlors, and fitted up in good style for the accommodation of private parties. The above establishment enjoys one of the most advantageous situations in the place, being located in the centre of business, and commands a fine prospect of the river and its scenery.

The subscriber intends devoting his unremitted personal exertions in conducting the above establishment, and hopes by this assiduity and attention to merit that patronage so liberally extended to him heretofore, and for which he hereby makes his most grateful acknowledgements.

B. LIBHART.

Feb. 7, 1833.

James Noble,

Auctioneer and Vendue Crier

Offers his services to the people both in TOWN AND COUNTRY, and would be thankful for a share of public patronage.

References as to capability, enquire of
BENJAMIN LIBHART,
RIEB & LIBHART,
DAVID WALKER.

Marietta November 30, 1833.

C. Inhofe.

Respectfully informs his friends and the public generally that he has removed directly opposite to his former stand and a few doors below John Clements tavern, where in addition to his former stock he has received a fresh supply of

Groceries, Liquors, and Confectionary,

with various other articles in his line all o which will be sold low for cash.

Marietta, April 10, 1834.

Office of the Susquehanna Bridge and Bank Company,

BALTIMORE, February 23d, 1833.

THE President and directors of this Company have adopted the following rates of interest to be allowed on Deposites of money at this Office, viz:—

On Deposites payable *Ninety* days after demand.	5 pr. cent per annum
On Deposites payable *Thirty* days after demand,	4 per ct. per annum
On current Deposites, subject to be checked for at the pleasure of the Deposites, ☞ to such persons as may request it.	3 per cent per annum
On weekly Deposites, which may be withdrawn on the first day of January or first day of July in each year, at which periods the Interest on said Deposites will be payable.	5 per cent

Certificates are issued for all *special* Deposites.

Collections are made on most of the principal towns, where Banks are located, in the several states.

Discount days *Wednesdays* and *Saturdays*.

On Saturdays the Office is open for business until 5 o'clock in the afternoon. By order,

W. E. COALE, CASHIER

March 14 1833.

Rathvon and McClellan,

Tailors.

Respectfully make known to the citizens of Marietta, and vicinity, that they have entered into co-partnership in the above business, under the firm of "RATHVON and McCLELLAN," in the lower room of the building occupied by Joseph Bucher, in Market Street, Marietta, nearly opposite J. H. Goodman's, and a few doors west of D. Ferree's store. Those who may have confidence, and favour them with their patronage, may rely on having work done expeditiously, and in the most

Durable and Fashionable Style,

as arrangements have been made to receive, as early as possible, the latest and most approved fashions.

S. S. RATHVON, from several months recent experience in Philadelphia, flatters himself that they will be enabled to give general satisfaction.

S. S. RATHVON, would also beg leave to tender his greatful acknowledgments to the public for their liberal encouragement bestowed upon him when formerly in business, and solicits a continuance of that liberality to the firm.

NOTICE.

Wanted on loan for a term of years, by the Corporation of Marietta,

$700.

Proposals received by
S. D. MILLER, Chief Burgess.

Marietta, April 17, 1834.

LUMBER Yard.

In the Eastern prt of M arietta

J. GROSH.

GRATEFUL for past favors, informs his old customers, and a generous public, that he still continues to keep on hand and at his old stand, LUMBER of every description, among which are.

White and Yellow Pine Boards,

and Plank, 30 and 24 inch Shingles, Joists Rafters and Scantling from 10 to 40 feet long and from 3 by 4 to 7 by 8 inches thick.

Hewed Timber,

of several lengths and sizes. Ready made and rough Locust Post, Pine and Hemlock Rails, Hogshead and Barrel Staves.

Also STONE COAL, of the best quality by the ton. All of which he is determined to sell low for CASH, or approved short credits.

Marietta, July 18, 1833.

Lumber YARD.

THE SUBSCRIBER respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he has in addition to his former stock of lumber a large assortment of long timber, Joist, Scantling, and Rafters: Timber from 10 to 50 feet in length, Joist from 10 to 22 feet, scantling from 10 to 24 feet, Rafters from 10 to 27 feet, iall of which he offers for sale at the current prices—between two and three hundred thousand Shingles at a reduced price.

JAMES MEHAFFEY.

Marietta, Jan. 31, 1833.

A. M. Beatty,

AUCTIONEER nd VENDUE CRIER.

Respectfully informs the people generally both in Town and Country, that he continues to attend to the above business and may be found by inquiring of *Samuel McKinney* in Front Street Marietta.

Refercencces as to capacity enquire of
WILLIAM CHILD,
SAMUEL HOPKINS.
JOHN H. GOODMAN,

October 12, 1833,

COFFEE HOUSE

HOTEL.

No. 38, SOUTH STREET, BALTIMORE.

THE SUBSCRIBER thankful for the encouragement that he has received, from his friends and the public since he commenced the above establishment, respectfully informs them that he still continues at the same place, and hopes by his attention to the comforts of his Guests to merit a share of their patronage.

JOHN S. BAKER.

March 7, 1833.

GOODS

selling off at first cost for cash.

The subscribers having determined to close their business in this place as soon as possible, would call the attention of the public to their EXTENSIVE assortment of MERCHANDIZE which they are now offering for sale at first cost.

C. HERTZLER & WILSON.

Marietta Sept. 5th, 1833.

Notice.

ALL persons in any way indebted to the subscribers are hereby respectfully notified to come forward and discharge their respective accounts immediately, or abide with the consequences. ALSO persons having claims against the firm are requested to present them for settlement.

HERTZLER & WILSON.

Sept. 5. 1833.

Dissolution of Partnership.

The co-partnership in the Hatting business, heretofore conducted under the firm of "BARR and CASSEL," of Marietta, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. Those having claims against the firm are requested to present their accounts for payment to A. N. Cassel, and all those indebted to the firm are required to make payment to said Cassel, who is authorized to receive all outstanding debts due the firm.

JOHN BARR,
A. N. CASSEL.

Marietta, January 4th, 1834.

A. N. CASSEL,

Respectfully informs his friends and the public that he has taken, and will continue the Hatting establishment heretofore conducted under the firm of Barr and Cassel.

January 4, 1834.

HARDWARE,

Drugs, Paints, Oils and

DYE STUFFS

The subscriber still continues to keep on has on hand a good supply of

DRUGS, PAINTS, OILS, GLASS, DE STUFFS, AND SHOP FURNITURE which he offers on the best terms to those to will favor him with their custom.—Also a general supply of

PATENT MEDICINES,
GROUND SPICES
Mahogony Venires,

Swaim's Celebrated Panacea

for the cure of Scrofula or King's Evil, Mercurial diseases, Rheumatism and all diseases arising from a bad state of the blood; this medicine has been recommended by the best physicians of Philadelphia. All orders will be thankfully received and particular pains taken that no accidents or mistakes may occur. A liberal discount will be allowed to Physicians and wholesale dealers.

J. T. ANDERSON.

Marietta, Jan. 23, 1834.